Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI.

SCENE IN A NEVADA COURT.

"HAVE you engaged, or do you depend
On a lawyer your case to defend?"
Thus to the pris'ner spoke the Judge—
A good man, free from bias or grudge.

"I guess," was the polite reply,
"That, with the Court's permission, I
Will jest sorter defend myself—
I ain't dead yit, nor laid on the shelf."

And then that pris'ner grabb'd a stool,
And, with a look determined and cool,
He settled the Sheriff with one on the head—
The next thing done was to clear the shed;
And then, without the slightest remorse,
The rascal rode off on the Judge's gray horse.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

CLOSE QUARTERS.

You're hiding rebels in the house
Wi'out the leave o' me.
—*Scottish Ballad.*

I AM a Georgia gentleman, and served the South during those four crucial years which one side calls "our late struggle for independence," and the other stigmatizes as "the rebellion." In a skirmish before Fredericksburg I was taken prisoner, and was sent North with a squad of fellow-misfortunates to Point Lookout. Thence, after a while, a number of us were transferred to Fort Delaware. During the journey while the train was running at slack speed, about fifteen miles from Baltimore, I managed to jump off of it. I took the leap literally in the dark, not knowing where I was going to land, for it was growing dusk, and the day was the 2d of February. There was snow upon the ground, and I slipped as I struck the track, rolling over and over until I brought up in a snowdrift below a steep embankment, and saw the lights of the receding engine flashing around a curve in the road. As soon as I could rally my wits, I gathered myself up, and turned my face toward Baltimore.

After walking a few miles I saw the hazy glow that hangs at night over a large city. I had never been in Maryland. I had no friends and no acquaintances there. I had no money, and felt faint for want of food; but I knew that Baltimore was a sort of outwork to the Southern Confederacy, and that I was likely to find aid and sympathy amongst its women; while I knew likewise that I had better steer clear of any men I met, as most of those who favored the Confederate cause had gone already into the Southern army.

At Point Lookout I had observed several letters directed by some of our prisoners to Miss Fanny Lewis, 184 Reade Street, Baltimore. As I walked on I kept repeating this address over and over. I had no idea who Miss Fanny Lewis was, nor, for that matter, had my friends at Point Lookout, though they were in the habit of addressing her, according to the prison etiquette, as "My Dear Cousin." They only knew she was a charitable lady who sent boxes of good food and cast-off clothing to the prisoners, while they in return made rings for her out of their coat-buttons, and inlaid them with mother-of-pearl cut from their shirt studs.

I entered Baltimore toward the east, and presuming on the universality of that great law, "westward the course of fashion takes its way," I walked on until I found myself, about half-past nine o'clock in what seemed a fashionable quarter of the city. Presently I reached a church—a Roman Catholic church, I presumed, from the cross upon its front—and I observed that several ladies who came out of it had prayer-books with gilt crosses in their hands. I knew well enough that the Roman Catholic population of Baltimore was Southern *to a woman*, and almost to a man. I followed these ladies, and contrived to stop them without frightening them. I conclude they felt I was a gentleman by my address, and were not influenced by the clothes philosophy. I asked them to tell me the way to Reade Street. They gave me clear but brief directions. I raised my hat and walked on, striking the shadow whenever I could, and fearing the glance of a policeman. I made my way to Reade Street, and pulled the bell of 184. It was a house standing in a garden a little back from the street, and an alley ran along one side of the lot. An Irish servant-girl answered my summons. That was a good omen. Irish servant-girls were all sympathizers in their way.

"Can I see Miss Fanny Lewis for a moment?"

"No; Miss Fanny's sent off—gone away. The master is come home. Maybe our other Miss Fanny would do for ye."

"Let me see *her*," I said.

She opened the door of a sort of library or side sitting-room, turned up the gas and left me there. I looked at my torn clothes, my browned hands, my haggard face, and unshorn beard and hair; for there was a large mirror over the fireplace. As I stood waiting, I wondered what impression I should produce on that other Miss Fanny when she came.

Presently the door opened. A small blonde woman entered. She was about twenty-five, with a very pleasant face. She looked as frightened as I felt myself to be. Closing the door carefully, she came close up to me, without a word.

"Who are you?" she said, trembling.

"Madam," I answered, "I am Major Dangerfield, of the Confederate service. I know Miss Fanny Lewis to be a lady very good to our poor fellows at Point Lookout. I know nobody in Baltimore. I come to ask your advice and protection." And I told her my story.

"Oh!" she cried, "I am the wrong lady; you expected to see my sister-in-law. You have run yourself into the greatest danger. My husband, Col. Lewis, has just received a staff appointment here, under the Major-General commanding in Baltimore. He does not allow me to have anything to do with treason or disaffection. He is a Federal officer."

"I beg your pardon, madam," I said, taking my hat; "I will go away at once."

"No, no," she cried, wildly, running to the window as the bell rang. "It's too late; I hear my husband. That's him on horseback with his orderly. He has only been in Baltimore a few hours, and Fanny was sent away South before he came. Go in there—quick!" she added, as a man's footsteps sounded in the hall.

She opened an inner door, and I entered a sort of large closet or store-room. It had no window, but was lighted by a kind of fancy lattice-work at the top of the partition that divided it from the sitting-room. Besides the door through which I entered, it had two others. I softly tried them both, and found them fastened. The place was a sort of anteroom, now used as a store closet. It had shelves in it, and trunks and packing cases, broken articles of furniture, linen laid up in lavender, and ladies' dresses hung on pegs. It was lighted by a glimmer of gas from the sitting-room.

"My darling Fanny!" said a voice; and I heard kisses—kisses as natural as if the man had been a Southerner, and not a blood-thirsty Yank, whom I was bound to hate, to injure, and despise.

"Why, what's the matter, love?" I heard him say to her. "Have you had a chill? You are trembling all over. You look—I don't know how you look. What is it, my sweet Fan?"

"Nothing. What could it be?" she answered; but I knew, from the tremble in her voice, that she was unused to deceiving her colonel. I think, too, that he probably perceived that something lay concealed under her "nothing," for he did not press her to say more. He sat down, and I think he drew her toward him.

"This is comfortable," he said. "This is home. This is better than campaigning. I have had a worrying day. Claypole" (I judged that was his predecessor) "has left everything in disorder in his department, and that business of Fanny's has annoyed me beyond measure. It lays me open to suspicion, and I have had local politicians at me about it all day. How Fanny could have been so indiscreet, so unmindful of what was due to my position! She seems to have been forever doing something that hovered, to say the least of it, upon the verge of treason. I hope, my Fanny, you have had nothing to do with her proceedings."

"No, no, indeed!" cried his wife, vehemently, with an accent of sincerity. "I have always been so very careful, because—" Here she came to a sudden pause. I suppose the recollection that she had Major Dangerfield, of the Confederate service, hidden in her store closet, broke unpleasantly upon her.

She added, in a lower tone, and with a different accent, "I would not compromise you for the world."

"I wish Fanny had the same consideration. General S —— told me he was very sorry to have to send her through the lines, but that it had been absolutely necessary. A little more and she would have got herself into the Old Capitol Prison. The Union politicians of this place have a keen scent for disaffection. It seems a policeman has been detailed for some time past to watch this house, and they had a string of charges as long as my arm against her. Dear! dear! if women only would stick fast to women's work, and leave rebellion and politios alone!"

"I don't think Fanny meant any harm," said the wife, timidly. "She used to send things to the prisoners, but then that was allowed. She used to get lots of letters; but I don't know that she did anything worse."

"That is, she did not tell *you* all she did," said the Colonel. "Well, so far, I am obliged to her, for, if half I hear is true, she was steeped in petty treason. Most of it was petty nonsense—no good to the cause she wanted to serve. Her imprudence has made my own position here a very delicate one. I have written to the commanders of all the prisons not to forward to her any letters that may pass through their hands, and if any do arrive, you had better burn them without reading them unless you know the hand-writing."

Here came a loud ring at the front door. The Colonel and his wife moved instantly apart, and a man came into the room.

"Good-evening, Colonel. Good-evening, madam. I called to tell you, Colonel, that there's a dangerous character at large in Baltimore—a rebel agent on secret service—and the Provost-Marshal has given strict orders to secure him. If they catch him, they will hang him—*sure*. He has been traveling as a spy all through our Northern cities, and is now on his way back to the South with important papers and information. It was thought he might have come here to inquire about Miss Fanny. Has any such person been here, Mrs. Lewis?"

"No, sir," said the inexperienced equivocator, with a tremble in her tone.

"Have you had no stranger here this evening?" persisted the visitor.

The answer was inaudible.

"One word with you aside, Colonel," he said, as he rose to go, drawing Colonel Lewis outside the parlor door into the passage. "I don't want to be disagreeable to Mrs. Lewis, but (this between ourselves) the policeman on this beat says he saw a man answering the description come in this evening at your front door. I tell you because you would not like a domiciliary visit from the Provost-Marshal."

"Thank you, thank you. But I am sure you are mistaken. Mrs. Lewis is a lady of unspotted loyalty. If there be any thing wrong, it is the servants who are concerned."

"Colonel Lewis," said the visitor, in a stage whisper, "I don't like to destroy your confidence in Mrs. Lewis, but the gas was lighted in your parlor before the blinds were down, and the policeman saw him with Mrs. Lewis standing on the hearth-rug. I hope you'll find it all as right as you expect, I'm sure."

The Colonel walked to the front door with his visitor, and came back into the sitting-room. I knew that he was thinking, "There is no way of exit from this room but by the door that I came in by or the closet. She has the man in there."

"These local politicians are both low-bred and impertinent," he said, as he came back to her. "There would not be a man with a good coat on his back at large in Baltimore, if all their denunciations were listened to. Fanny, he thinks ill of you. He thinks you would compromise your husband. He says there is a policeman watching our front door."

"Oh, Arthur," cried poor Fanny, "I love you so dearly, indeed I do, and perhaps you will not believe me! Oh, why did— Did he say they would be sure to hang that man, that spy, if they arrested him?"

"Yes, and most justly. A spy deserves no mercy."

"Oh! but, Arthur, think of Andre."

"Well, Andre had no right to complain. It was the fate of war. It was the stern duty of Washington."

"Yes, dear, every body says so; but, Arthur, I have never been able to love Washington since I read that story. And the men who gave him up—all women always hate them."

"This is childishness, my dear wife. Would you rather have had West Point taken by the British, Arnold triumphant and rewarded, Washington condemned as the traitor?"

"No, no, of course not," she sobbed. "Oh, Arthur, when I was a child our cat had four yellow kittens. They lived under the porch, and were very wild. But one of them trusted me, and used to come out to me, and I was holding it in my arms one day, when our hired man came to me, all bloody, with his ax in his hand; my mother had said they must be killed, and he had cut off the heads of the other three kittens, and I gave him mine—I let him take it. I wake up even now sometimes at night and remember how cruel I was to that poor little yellow cat. It seems something like murder."

"Fanny, this is too foolish," said her husband.

"I know it, I know it," she replied. "But I really believe I should lose my reason if I had to do the same thing over again."

"Fanny," he said, sternly, "you forget yourself. I must remember my duty, whatever you do."

After this there was silence between them. At length the husband said:

"I have a long report to write tonight, Fanny, and accounts to cast up. I must sit up very late. My poor wife, go to bed."

"Yes, dear," she answered, submissively. I heard keys jingling in her basket as she moved across the floor.

"No, Fanny," said her husband, stopping her; "I may want something from the cellaret. Leave me your keys."

"You will kill yourself with hard work. Let us both go, love."

"No, no," said the Colonel. "Go yourself; you have a headache."

"No, Arthur," she answered. "If you sit up, I will stay too."

"It is of no use, Fanny."

"Still, I will stay here."

"If I am going to sit up," said the Colonel, "I want my slippers."

"Let me get them," she cried, eagerly. "Sit down."

"No, I'll get them myself. They are in the closet, I know. Is it locked? No. I see thrt it is not; the key is in the door."

He laid his hand upon the door handle of my place of confinement. For half a moment he hesitated to turn it. I heard Fanny sob. I think she caught him by the arm.

"Let me go, Fanny," he said, impatiently. "I *must*. You had better go away."

He threw the door wide open. The gaslight streamed in from the sitting-room. She rallied all her strength, and came in after him.

Nothing met their eyes but the dresses, the shelves, the rows of pickles and preserves, the broken furniture, the trunks, the linen in lavender. But standing opposite the door, with its hinges toward them, they may have seen a large Saratoga trunk, marked on the side, in big white letters, "MISS FANNY LEWIS." Its lid was not quite closed, the hasp having caught upon the rim.

The Colonel drew back. Poor Fanny perhaps fancied I had mysteriously disappeared.

They took the slippers from the floor, and went into the sitting-room. There I heard her coaxing him to go to bed; but there seemed some hardening of her husband's heart toward her, which chilled her pretty persuasions.

"Fanny," he said at last, "if you insist on sitting up with me, get me some paper and an inkstand from your chamber."

There was no resisting this request, which he made like a command to pick up her key basket, and he must again have checked her, for she exclaimed, "Oh! I forgot; I beg your pardon," and left the room.

The moment she was gone, I heard him rattle the keys. He put one or more of them into his pocket. I heard, too, a click, as if he were engaged in cocking his revolver. Then he remarked, aloud: "The store-room has no window. I have him safe. He must stay there until morning. If a brave man, he will keep quiet. Only a coward would take advantage of *her*."

He pulled out his watch. "Half-past twelve," he said, as Fanny came back again. What agony she may have felt as she left me without protection, and her husband exposed to my attack if I were armed!

"Here is paper and ink," she said.

"Now go to bed, darling."

"No, love; I will sit up here," and she took her place upon the sofa.

Meantime no words can adequately depict the discomforts of my situation. I knew perfectly well that the Colonel knew where I was, and that in good time he was going to dispose of me. I quite agreed with him that gratitude to Mrs. Lewis required me to keep still. I also knew that whatever plan he might be laying for my capture, was to be done in such a way as to spare his wife as much as possible. I thought that for her sake I had better iet him work it his own way. I only trusted I should be able to prove to the Provost-Marshal that I was Major Dangerfield, and not the secret agent I was supposed to be. Meantime my physical sufferings were almost unbearable. In the empty Saratoga trunk my position was inexpressibly cramped and painful. I was perfectly conscious that the slightest noise I made would be heard by the husband and wife in the sitting-room, and I was unwilling to disturb any hope the latter might entertain that I was gone. My plan was to wait trll she was out of the way, and then place myself at the disposal of her husband.

Meantime a solemn silence seemed to settle on the house and al the neighborhood. My nerves had become so excited that I could with difficulty keep myself from uttering involuntary cries. Hour after hour I heard the deep cathedral bell. Had it not been for the hope I entertained, in common with the Colonel, of saving Fanny's feelings from a shock, and her wifehood from suspicion, I should have come forth at once, and have made an end of my misery. Sometimes, as all around me seemed so still I fancied that the married pair had quitted the sitting-room. But I felt that if I tried to leave the house, watched as I knew it to be, my capture on her doorstep would compromise her loyalty.

Time moved like eternity. At last the morning market wagons began moving, the dawn came peeping into my retreat. There was another violent pull at the street door bell. I heard the Colonel rouse himself to answer it. I heard Fanny start up to her feet, while a coarse voice called out loudly in the passage,

"What! up by peep of day, Colonel?"

"Yes; I had a report to write up. Claypole has left every thing in disorder."

"I thought I'd let you know, Colonel, that that spy we were talking of last night is in the hands of the Marshal. I was mistaken about his being seen about this place. The police got on the track of him last evening, and took him at that nest of secession, Mrs. Charles Garey's."

As the street door closed upon this visitor, I heard Fanny give a suppressed sob.

"Then he was not—him?" said her husband, careless of grammar at that supreme moment of reconciliation.

"No, no," she cried. "He said he was a poor prisoner who had jumped off the train."

"Poor little Fanny! brave little Fan!" said her husband, and I guessed, though I could not see, how he was comforting her. "Let this be a lesson to you not to play with treason. Henceforward leave it alone severely. You must be one with me, dear wife, and such things are not allowable in our position. Now go and call Bridget, and tell her to get breakfast. I must get to the office early. And, Fanny," he added, "tell her to slip down the alley the first thing, and tell Williams, who owns the dray, that when he has harnessed up his horse for his day's work, I wish him to back up to our side door. I am determined to get rid of every thing that belongs to my sister Fanny. I'll send her trunk away. I'll clear the house of treason and secession. Tell Bridget that I say so. It may be a warning to her, love."

In half an hour Bridget announced the dray.

"Send in my Orderly," said the Colonel, "and see if you can see any thing around the corner, of the policeman."

As Bridget was executing this order, the Colonel entered the srore-room, and closed the spring-lock of the trunk lid.

"Have you the key of Fanny's trunk, my love?"

"I don't know."

"Give it to me," he said, decidely. "Since your man is *not the spy*, I share your treason for this once, that henceforth you may always side with me. Ha! policeman," he added, as he threw open the outer door of the store-room, which opened on the alley, "will you help the drayman and my Orderly to get this trunk of my sister's on the dray? She has been sent South, as you know, and I decline to keep her things. Yes, I suspect it may weigh over two hundred pounds. It is 'powerful heavy,' as you say. But that is the way always with ladies."

By this time I was hoisted on the dray.

"Now, Williams," said the Colonel to the drayman, "carry this trunk to Mrs. Legrand's. She is a friend of my sister's, and a very Secesh lady. She will no doubt know what to do with it. Take the key, and desire her to open it the moment it arrives. She must find the way to send it to Miss Fanny if she thinks it necessary."

"All right, sah," cried the voice of the negro drayman.

I fainted, I suppose for want of air, and knew no more till I found myself surrounded by Southern ladies in the back parlor of a house well known for Southern sympathies and hospitality. I told my name and story, only admitting the adventures of the night in Colonel Lewis's store-room.

"But how on earth did you get here in Fanny Lewis's trunk? The drayman left the trunk and key, with the message that the trunk was to be unlocked immediately."

"Ah, ladies," I cried, "it is too dangerous a secret. I dare not breathe it into the ear of any one of you."

"But we know all kinds of dangerous secrets," pouted one fair lady.

"I have no doubt you do, and all Dixie knows that you can keep them; but this one you must not ask me."

"I declare I believe that Colonel Lewis himself had something to do with it."

"On my honor, ladies, I never saw Colonel Lewis in my life. What does he look like, anyhow?"

This question was never answered till about six years later, when I was introduced to Colonel Lewis on Pennsylvania Avenue. He took me to his house in Georgetown, where I met both the Fannys. It is no disparagement to Mrs. Lewis, nor is it base ingratitude, to say that I love the Southern Fanny best, for she has been my wife five years, and Colonel Lewis is my brother-in-law.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Flowers for Winter.

GARDENERS and florists advise that plants intended to grow through the summer and then to be removed to the house for winter blooming, should not be planted in the gardens out of the pots, in summer. If so treated, when taken up and potted in the fall, the leaves will fall off, leaving stunted, bare stalks, and it will take the plant nearly all winter to recover. On the contrary, put the plants in pots, small at first, and plunge them in the ground in the garden to the rim. The pots better be not quite full of earth, as they will have to be watered as though in the house, but not quite so copiously. As the plants grow transfer them every six or eight weeks to pots an inch larger, to give the roots more room. In this way fine, strong, thrifty plants can be had for winter blooming.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

M. DUMAS, the veteran French scientist, finds that, in his researches respecting the occlusion of gases, while silver imprisons oxygen, aluminum and magnesium specially retain hydrogen.

ON the French Eastern Railway Achard electric brakes are being tried, and are said to work satisfactorily. The electricity is not supplied by ordinary cells, but by Plante's accumulating battery.

PROFESSOR LIEBE contends that in the second diluvial period hills of Southern Bohemia and Moravia were the starting point from which the virgin forests invaded the great diluvial steppes of Central Europe to the north of the Alpine chain.

DR. BARNES, of San Diego, Cal., ascribes the singular mound formations covering the dry soil of that region to the effects of wind and certain low-lying, broad-branched plants with a large system of roots, among which is the *Rhus laurina*. These act as nuclei around which the winds collect dust, and the result is the hillocky appearance of the desert, which has puzzled many travelers.

A BELGIAN physician is reported to have ascertained, during a journey of observation and inquiry made at the request of the Belgian Government, that the very general and excessive use of tobacco is the main cause of color-blindness, an affection which has occasioned very considerable anxiety, both in Belgium and Germany, from its influence upon railway and other accidents, and also from the military point of view.

POTATO flour, or the dried pulp of the potato, is attaining great importance in the arts. It is stated that in Lancashire, England, twenty thousand tons of it are sold annually, and it brings at present in Liverpool about double as much in the market as wheat flour. It is used for sizing and other manufacturing purposes, and when precipitated with acid is turned into starch. When calcined it is employed as a dressing for silk.

DR. SAMUEL WILKS endeavors to prove that language in its broad meaning has its rudimentary frame-work in the lower animals. The parrot, he says, has a vocal apparatus of the most perfect kind, and it can gather through its ear the most delicate intonations of the human voice, which it can imitate perfectly by continued labor, and retain them in its memory. It is also able to associate words with the persons who have uttered them, and even invent sounds corresponding to those which are given out by objects in motion.

A FEW drops of nitrite of amyl have a powerful influence in restoring the functions of the heart in cases of drowning, hanging or fainting. It is suggested, therefore, that it should always be used whenever attempts are being made to restore to life an individual apparently dead, or when it is desirable to settle the question whether a person is really dead or not. Dr. Brunton says that in ascertaining death the nitrite of amyl might be used only with the test of tying a cord round the finger. If the circulation has entirely stopped, the part beyond the cord never becomes any thicker; but if the circulation continues, however slowly, the finger tip beyond the ligature will sooner or later begin to swell.

SAWDUST can be converted into a liquid wood, and, afterward, into a solid, flexible, and almost indestructible mass, which, when incorporated with animal matter, rolled and dried, can be used for the most delicate impressions, as well as for the formation of solid and durable articles, in the following manner: Immerse the dust of any kind of wood in dilute sulphuric acid, sufficiently strong to affect the fibers, for some days; the finer parts are then passed through a sieve, well stirred, and allowed to settle. Drain the liquid from the sediment, and mix the latter with a proportionate quantity of animal offal, similar to that used for glue. Roll the mass, pack it in molds and allow it to dry.

Boston Beans—The New England City's Favorite Dish.

THOUGH Boston has acquired some fame as a consumer of this esculent, baked beans have been from time immemorial a favorite dish throughout New England. The sturdy men and women of generations ago, who braved dangers and hardships in planting an independent colony, added strength to their sinews and muscles by eating simple food, of which baked beans were a much cherished ingredient, and of all ancient dishes none have stood better the test of time and the caprices of the appetites of the people. But it is a little singular that, while New England is so large a consumer of baked beans, and New Englanders, more especially the residents of Boston, have acquired the mystery of cooking them perfectly, the dish is not in much favor elsewhere, and that the knowledge of baking them properly is exceedingly limited. It may be said that one circumstance is due to another—that is, that where it is not known how to bake beans properly, they are naturally not a popular article of diet. If the method and process of baking were patented, it could hardly be more exclusively held by New Englanders. In New York and other municipalities, a contempt is often expressed for the Athenian love for baked beans, and yet not long ago a fashionable club-house, on the occasion of a special gathering, sent by express to this city for twenty two-quart pots of Boston baked beans. This manner of obtaining a dish they affect to despise is frequently resorted to, with profit alike to the buyer and seller. An experienced baker of this city, being asked why baked beans were not as popular in New York as in Boston, said: "Because they don't know how to cook them. They don't soak them enough, boil them too much, and then take them out of the oven before they are half baked." "But it would be easy enough for them to learn how to cook them?" "Well, if it is, they don't learn. That much I know."

There is a lunch counter in one of the busiest sections of New York where genuine Boston baked beans are served, which is reported to be doing a thriving business. Travelers in the West and South have noticed in the windows of restaurants in cities and towns placards announcing Boston baked beans, but, on entering and eating a dish, find but little resemblance between it and the "home article." Custom has prescribed either Saturday night or Sunday morning as the "correct time" for eating baked beans, and the scene at the baker's then is the busiest of the week. Among the hundreds of bakers in the city there are but few who do not "put to soak" on Friday night from one to five barrels of beans, which added to the number cooked in private dwellings, will give one a conception of how well deserving is Boston of her fame as a bean-consuming city. A well informed gentleman estimates that the consumption of beans in Boston is about 200 barrels per week, or about 10,000 barrels per year. One reason why Boston baked beans are considered better than any others is that almost invariably they are baked in brick ovens over night. Besides baking a quantity to sell, the bakers, for the nominal sum of five cents per pot, receive and bake the beans that are prepared by their customers, thus adding materially to their own profit and the convenience of the public. It is a fact, certainly not universally known, that there is in Boston an establishment devoted exclusively to the baking of beans, entirely separate from a canning institution. It is the only establishment of the kind in the world, probably, and it is exceedingly doubtful whether it could live anywhere else. At all events, attempts have been made to establish similar institutions elsewhere, and nothing but failure has been the result, and it is now plain enough that a bean-eating community is requisite to support a bean-baking establishment. The success of the Boston bean bakery was assured from the start, and its enterprising proprietor has climbed up to wealth by the bean alone without assistance from the pole. Every night in the week the fire under the spacious brick oven is in full blast, and two teams are kept busy daily in delivering the pots and their smoking-hot contents. Of the customers of the bakery fully one-half are restaurant keepers, who pay 20 cents for two quarts of beans, and then retail them at 10, 15 and 25 cents per plate. The bakery consumes from 1,900 to 3,800 pounds of beans per week, and its oven has the capacity to bake 450 pots in a single night. It is, perhaps, worthy of note that the bakery is located in a fashionable quarter of the city, within a stone's throw of Washington Street. In conclusion, it may be said that the Athenian fondness for baked beans continues to increase rather than to decrease, and that, in spite of what the world may say, Bostonians intend to have them Saturday nights or Sunday mornings. —*Boston Herald.*

Mark Twain's House and Work Room.

MARK TWAIN is a resident of Hartford, Conn., where he owns a pretty house which a writer in the Boston *Herald* thus describes: Ample grounds surround the large two-story brick house with many sharp gables and irregular projections, a most artistic architectural composition. The brick is of a brownish hue, varied with figures and bands of light red and black. Broad verandas flank two sides, widening out into a large outdoor hall, it might be called, near the conservatory. This airy hall is naturally a favorite resort for the family in the warm weather. Many of the rooms in the upper stories have delightfully cosey balconies opening out of them. The grounds are finely shaded with trees which, in places, thicken to a forest-like density; and great beeches and maples cluster around and overtop the house, giving the large windows grateful screens of cool greenery. The interior is arranged on a generous scale. Opposite the entrance to the large hall, with its handsome staircase and paneled ceiling, is the library, a beautiful, friendly-looking room. Book shelves cover the lower half of the wall space. Over the large fireplace, which is set in a stately chimney-piece of richly carved wood, is a brass plate with the inscription in old-English text: "The ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it." Opposite the fireplace is the deep recess of a bay window, with a casement through which one may step down into the lawn. Among the pictures on the walls is Frank D. Millet's excellent portrait of Mr. Clemens, painted about four years ago. One end of the library opens into the large and beautiful conservatory, and beyond this is the veranda.

Mr. Clemens does not use his library for his study; this is in the billiard room in the third story, where the quietest kind of quiet surrounds him. It is a long room, with sloping sides formed by the roof. It is light and airy, and has taree balconies adjacent—two large ones on either side and a small one at the end. One may step out into these through the regular doors, and is not obliged to stoop and creep through cramped window openings, bumping the head against the sliding sashes, which nearly destroy all utility in so many balconies, making them mere ornamental shams. Here in this room Mr. Clemens sits writing at a plain table, with the books he may wish to use for reference lying scattered about him. He makes it an invariable rule to do a certain amount of literary work every day, and his working hours are made continuous by his not taking any midday meal at all. He is merciless towards his own productions, and often destroys a whole day's labor as soon as it is written. He finds the final result more satisfactory by taking this course and beginning again than by trying to remodel what he considers a faulty manuscript. In this way he often does a certain piece of work over and over again, and at other times the first draft is sufficient and requires no revision. But, though an entire day's work may come to nought, he does not regard the time as wasted, but deems the practice essential to discipline. He has destroyed hundreds of pages of manuscript in this way. He has published scarcely a volume out of which at least two hundred manuscript pages have not been culled and committed to the waste-basket. From one volume he weeded out five hundred pages. He is an industrious worker, and during his recent European sojourn he kept up his literary labors persistently.

THERE is a report that Mrs. J. W. Mackey, of California, has offered to purchase the French crown jewels